THE GARDEN of Prudence.

Wherein is contained,

A pathetical Discourse, and godly Meditation, most brieflie touching the vanities *of the world, the calamities of hell, and* the felicities of heauen.

You shal also find planted in the same, diuers sweet and pleasant Flowers, most necessarie and comfortable both for body and soule.

See ames. Syppog. antiq. p. 3[illegible]
Wt. Syppog. antiquities p. 1050

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DROIT

To the Right Honorable, THE MOST VERTVous and renowmed Lady, *Anne*, Countesse of Warwick, *B. C. wisheth in this* life all prosperity, and in the life to *come sempiternall felicity in the* blessed kingdome of God.

AS amongst all humane things, (right Honorable and most renowmed Lady) vertue & learning are most excellent, euen so (in mine opinion) the daintiest Diamond set in the purest golde of this world is not any way cõparable to the worthy graces which spring of either of them. Wherfore, hauing made trial of the most honorable affection & godlie zeale you beare to them both, and knowing how wonderfullie and laudablie the rare flowers of the same, deck and adorne you on euery side, I thought good by your singular

and moſt ſplendent vertues therunto moued and perſwaded, ſo much to imbolden my ſelf as humbly to beſeech your honor, to vouchſafe the patronizing of this ſlender pamphlet: and to take vpon you the keeping of this litle ſweete Garden, that neither the wilde Boare deſtroy it, neither carping Knights, or any of *Momus* wightes deuoure it, but that it may haue free paſſage (by your Honourable aſſiſtance) amongſt all godly Chriſtians. And they viewing the ſame, maye the eaſier ſee the abhominable vices, and vaine vanities of this lothſome Laborinth, and the better perceiue the moſt miſerable calamities and endleſſe tortures and torments of hel, that fierie lake and kingdom of Satan. And alſo beholding the vnſpeakeable felicities & moſt gladſome ioyes of heauē, may ſo run their courſe in this life, that they may eſchue the vanities of the one, and after death eſcape the dangers of the other, & with the holy Angels & ſaints of God eternally enioy all happy and moſt comfortable felicities in the bleſſed kingdom of heauen. The premiſes therefore dulie conſidered, and my good meaning diſcreetly pondered, I doubt not but that you will according

cording to your accuſtomed curteſie towards all men, pardon my preſumption, and of your woonted zeale to godlines, accept of my triuiall trauell which in myidle houres I beſtowed herein, and thinke me rather vnable then any way vnwilling to diſcharge my duetie, whereof as I ought, ſo I haue bene euer moſt carefull, and pleaſing God) will during life, ſo remaine. Thus referring my labours to your godlie cenſure, I beſeech the Almighty to graunt you, whileſt you liue in this troubleſome ſoile, moſt proſperous health, and perfect ſtrength of body to gods glorie, and your hearts deſire, and after this life ended, moſt happy arriual vnto the bleſſed hauen of eternall felicities, and that your ſoule may there with the holie Angels and Saints of God, for euer haue the pefect fruition of all ioyes.

Your Honours moſt humble
in alll duty to command;

Bartholmew Chappell.

To the Reader, health and peace in Iesus Christ.

XErxes, *that mightie Monarch and Emperour of the Persians,* (*gentle Reader*) *beholding from an high the hugenesse of his Armie, which was in strength inuincible, in qualitie diuerse, in number infinite, and in euerie degree surmounting all that euer were before or since, yea couering the whole face of the earth: in whose courage, force, & might, he reposed the strength of his kingdome the safegard of his person, and the glorie of his Empire, could not but gush out most bitter teares, considering that of all the woonderfull multitude that he saw, after one hundred yeares there should not a man be left. And shall not we that be Christians at least wise in name, viewing from the depth of our conceits, our selues, our pompe, our honour, our glorie, our magnificencie and renowne, our wealth*

wealth, our ſubſtance, our beautie our friendes, our ſtrength, our great poſſeſſiont, and territories, our knowledge, our witte, our brauerie and politique dealinges, wherein we repoſe all our felicitie and happines, be nothing mooued with due conſideration, that this world and all things therin contained, are but fickle and vaine, and that our bodies, be they neuer ſo faire, be they neuer ſo high, be they neuer ſo ſtrong & valiant, can not eſcape the dart of death, but muſt be reſolued to earth, wherof they were framed, and know not when, how ſoone or how ſuddenly, for this is the iudgment of all fleſh, thou ſhalt die the death, and the couenant of the graue is not reuealed to any, for our life appeareth as a bubble of water, and ſuddenly paſſeth, it vaniſheth into the ayre, as ſmoke, it ſlideth as a ſhip, that ſayleth with a full winde, or as a bird ſwift of flight, yea ſwifter then an arrow, mightilie ſhotte out of a ſtrong bowe: for as ſoone as wee are borne, foorthwith we decay, our firſt entrance into this life, is our firſt ſtep to death, and draweth vs towards an end, ſhewing nothing, but the frailtie and ficklenesſe of our eſtate the weakneſſe and wickednes of our fleſh, whoſe impietie dayly draweth vs from vertue to vice, from carefulnes to careleſnes from the chaire of godly ſtudie, to the cradle of

vaine securitie: but the reward hereof is nothing but death and damnation in vtter darkenesse for euer, where our drinke shall be turned to sharpe vinigre, and our bread to bitter gall. Wherefore view and with al diligence marke (most curteous reader) the sweet and comfortable flowers which thou shalt finde to adorne this little Garden, and regarde not the slender workmanship of the vnskilfull Gardener, but weigh in the ballance of thy deep discretion the singular vertues, and most diuine operations both of the plants, hearbs and flowers inserted in the same, for so maist thou eschue the vaine vanities of this wicked world, so shalt thou escape the miserable calamities of that fyerie lake, the kingdome of Satan, and finallie, most happily attaine the ioyfull felicitie of most gladsome Paradice in the blessed kingdome of God. Thus desiring onelie thy loue for my labours, I bid thee hartily farewell.

Thine in the Lord.

B. C.

Of the Vanities of the WORLD.

WHat wilfull rage? what furious fit?
what madneſſe pearſte the (worldes braine?
To ſerue in thrall, once for to ſit,
in Chayre of pompe, that is ſo vaine:
Whoſe glittering glee is deckt with woe,
whoſe fickle weale we all do ſee:
As flitting ſtreame from thee doth goe,
and can no time remaine with thee.
For all thy pleaſures ſorrowes bring,
all thy delights moſt bitter paine:
All thy conceiptes turne thee a ring,
wherein to run: but all in vaine:
For when thou doeſt thy ſelfe aſſure,
that thou doeſt ſit in ſtate moſt ſtrong,
When thou doeſt thinke ſtill to endure,
then ſuddenlie thou lieſt along.
When thou in Center of thy bliſſe,
with *Salomon* haſt thee enthroand:

When ioy and peace thou doeſt poſſeſſe,
when *Cræſus* wealth to thee is bound:
When all things els that world can yeeld,
at thy command and becke do ſtand:
Then commeth Death like *Mars* in field,
and pluckes thy life into his hand.
Thy landes, thy rentes, thy wife moſt graue,
thy daughters clad with *Venus* hue:
Thy ſonnes adorn'd with vertues braue,
thou art compeld to bid adue.
Thy houſes high, thy caſtles ſtrong,
thy gardens ſquare in each degree:
Thy pleaſant courts and towres long,
all to forſake thou forſt muſt be.
Thy lambes, thy goates, thy fatlings all,
which feed themſelues in paſtures green
Thine Oxen eke within thy ſtall.
thou wilt then wiſh hadſt neuer ſeen.
Thy horſes which in ſtable ſtand,
and praunce moſt ſtately in their kind:
Thine Oxen eke that plow thy land,
thou art full loath to leaue behind:
Thy Deere which raunge thy forreſt wilde,
and brouſe on boughes, in winter cold:
And ſuch as rome abroad the field,
doe pleaſe thee well, though thou bee old.

Thy

Thy tender youths and ſeruants graue,
which on thee wayt in comely glee:
No longer with thee muſt thou haue,
but leaue them al, thus muſt it be.
Thy brothers kind, and ſiſters deare,
thy kindred all that lou'd thee beſt:
Hereafter may not keepe thee here,
but trudge thou muſt among the reſt.
Contemne therefore all worldlie wealth,
and craue no more then may ſuffiſe:
So God wil bleſſe thy ſoule with health,
which ſtil ſhal dure without ſurmiſe.
But if with want thou be oppreſt,
if pinched eke with pouertie,
Let all by ſufferance be redreſt,
when it ſhal pleaſe our God on hie;
For *Iob* by patience wan great praiſe,
cruel *Pharaoh* could not *Dauid* daunt,
By patient hope they both had eaſe,
and al their foes could not once vaunt;
Or ſay, loe here we haue preuaild,
loe here is he, whom we ſubdude:
But Peacocke like they al were quaild,
and forſte to flie in ſort moſt rude.
Let theſe examples mooue thy hart,
al woes, al paines for to endure:

For heauens bliſſe without great ſmart,
none can atchieue, I thee aſſure.
All croſſes who ſo doth imbrace,
all miſeries who doeth ſuſtaine:
Adorn'd is hee with diuine grace,
with Angels eke ſhall he remaine.
But he that liueth wantonlie,
he wicked *Mammon* that doth loue,
He that deſires to climbe on hie,
forgetting God that ſits aboue.
And he whoſe mind is puſt with pride,
whoſe heart with malice great doth ſwell:
With *Lucifer* ſtill ſhal abide,
and with the Furies muſt hee dwell.
Wherefore O man, O wretched wight,
this wicked vale ſeek thou to ſcorn:
Thy latter end haue ſtill in ſight
leaſt ſoule and corpes be both forlorne,
What can it thee ought auaile,
if all the world thou doe poſſeſſe?
Sith griefly graue is thy reraile,
where worms thee gnaw without redres
Yet worſe then that doth it remaine,
when Spirits thy ſilly ſoule ſhall rent:
In fiery flame, with helliſh paine,
Which neuer ſtaies, nor will be ſpent.

What can it auaile thee to win al the world & looſe thine owne ſoule,

In

In dungion deepe when thou ſhalt lie,
a place from God, that's fartheſt caſt:
Where damned ſoules both houle and crie,
where fiery chaines doe hold them faſt.
Wherefore with *Salomon* I crie,
O ſonne remember thou thine end:
Then wilt thou wicked ſinne defie,
then wilt thou neuer God offend.
Now ſith that we compaſſed be,
with dreadfull death on euery ſide:
And that the ſame all creatures ſee,
what of vs all ſhall now betide.
May not we call this wretched life,
a vale whoſe corne is bitter woe:
The crop whereof we reape with ſtrife
in age, which luſtie yeares did ſowe.
The worms which vexe our minds be cares
moſt griping griefe our bodie preſſe:
And ſickneſſe takes vs in his ſnares,
whereof we hardly get redreſſe.
Our bodies are a curſed ground,
our skin is like to withered hay:
Our humours weake and watriſh found,
which filthie wormes ſhall ſuck away.
Behold now, marke you what we are,
Behold, but duſt and brittle glaſſe:

This life is a miſerable vale

Behold, a ſtreame that fals like ſtarre,
behold a wind that ſoone doth paſſe,
Behold, here are we turnde and caſt,
Behold, we often times do change,
Behold, from piller to the poſt,
both to and fro are forſt to range.
The ſands in ſea, the graſſe we ſee,
in fertile lands and fields moſt faire,
With all the ſtarres may reckoned be,
that gliſter in the healthſome aire:
Much ſooner, I doe tel thee right,
then al the woes and pinching paine,
Which ſtil on men doe fal and light,
that in this loathſome vale remaine.
Amongſt mankind was neuer one,
that euer here on earth did dwel,
Of miſeries that taſte had none,
or once could ſay, all things run wel:
Although he were in glorious ſtate,
although he liu'd in high degree,
Yet forſt was he to blame his fate,
and ſay, I ſee it wil not be.
But if both poore and indigent,
thou be, and canſt not wealth attaine:
Thy life thy breath thou doeſt repent,
and ſtil in ſorrowe doeſt remaine.

The ſandes of the ſea & the graſſe of the field are ſooner numbred then our woes.

No man was euer happie in this life.

If

If that a ſuckling babe thou be,
but euen now if thou were borne:
Thy life is death, we all do ſee,
thou art a ſilly wretch forlorne.
And when a tender childe thou art,
thine age is chiefeſt ſpring of woe:
Ten thouſand griefs oppreſſe thy heart,
and ſtil on euery ſide they floe.
If that by yeares thou be a man,
moſt great miſhaps on thee will fall.
And dangers will lure now and than,
caſt thee and thine int'wofull thrall.
When crooked age comes ſtealing on,
then haue we loſt all worldly blisſe,
With pinching paine and ſickneſſe ſtrong,
then all our bodie troubled is,
If that a wedded man thou bee,
then art thou tide to blocke of paine:
Then art thou bound, which once wert free
and ſo for ay thou muſt remaine.
If thou a ſingle life doeſt lead,
then ſunke thou art in all annoyes,
And drownd in griefe, although indeed
thou thinkſt to ſwim in ſea of ioyes.
Although thy bodie thou adorne,
with glittering gold and pearle bright.

All eſtates in this world moſt miſerable

Yet is thy mind with care forlorne,
because in ſorrowes thou art pight.
What life thou wilt, do thou profeſſe,
of want and woe thou ſhalt haue ſtore:
Be what thou wilt thy cares to ceaſe,
thy dolors yet are as before.
Vnconſtant is the ſtate of man,
his life as brittle as the clay:
And is compared to a ſpanne,
for in ſhort time it fades away.

The frailty of this life,

It to a bubble likened is,
which to our ſight appeareth hie:
And in the time thou canſt ſay this,
flat with the water doeth it lie.
The man that late in wealth did flowe,
in pouerty is now, and thrall,
And is conſtrain'd to lie full lowe,
vvhich lately vvas the prince of all.
Whom God in mercie hath extold,
and ſet in golden chaire of bliſſe:
Death plucketh downe in ſort moſt bolde,
and vnto him leaſt partiall is.
He liues to day quite void of paine,
no griefe hath he nor yrkſome care,
Paſſing the time in pleaſures vaine,
vvith iolitie and daintie fare.

To morrow dead and turnde to duſt,
to morrow put in mournfull tombe:
And to the earth his corpes he muſt
commit: till dolefull day of dombe.
Such is the ſtate which we enioy,
ſuch is the end all doth betide:
That in this vale of all annoy,
mongſt mortall men doe once abide.
Though *Neſtors* yeares we can attaine,
though thouſand ages yet we haue:
The wormes to feed we muſt be faine,
and fill we muſt the gaping graue.
Not *Hercules*, not *Sampſon* ſtrong,
not *Pompey* ſtout, not *Cæſar* braue,
But forced were to lie along,
and take the blow which Death them gaue.
Not *Cato* that in wit did flow,
not *Saloman* that did excell
All mortall wights from high to lowe,
in wiſedoms court that bare the bell,
The tyranny of death could daunt,
or make his grieſly face to bluſh:
For he doth boaſt, yea brag and vaunt,
and holds our force not worth a ruſh.
Behold rich *Cræſus* with his wealth,
could not the dart of death defend:

The certenty of death,

Behold

Behold, great Monarks want their health,
and all do trudge with death in end,
He ſpareth none, he taketh all,
both yong and old of each degree:
Both rich and poore both free and thrall,
he paies to eu'ry one his fee.

The Calamities of hell.

HE throwes the wicked headlong down
to *Lymbo* lake, where is no reſt:
Where damned ſoules look grim, & frown,
and are with endleſſe paine oppreſt.
This is the place that darkened is,
this is the place of bitter paine:
This is the place void of all bliſſe,
this is the place where deuils raigne.
This is the place of chilleſt cold,
this is the place of endleſſe fire:
Whoſe forces great none can vnfold,
both tongue and pen though he do tire.
If monſters tell thou wouldeſt ſee,
which in this place make their abode:
Thy hart then daunted ſo would be,
that none thy feare could then vnlode.
If to thine eares their helliſh ſound,
ſhould once be brought I thee aſſure:

Thy

Thy ſences all it would confound,
but oh, none can the ſame endure:
Theſe grieſly ghoſts ſuch tortures haue,
ſuch pinching paine doth them oppreſſe
That ſome reliefe ſtill doe they craue,
but neuer can they get redreſſe.
They weep, they cry, they wring their hands
their miſeries they doe bewaile:
They gnaſh their teeth in wofull bandes,
this is the gaine of their retaile.
They roare like Lyons in their dens, The noiſe of damned ſoules,
like dogges they howle in kennels ſtaide,
Like filthy Swine they lie in fennes,
and thus all reprobates are paid.
Their filthy place no tongue can tel,
no pen can wel the ſame deſcrie,
The ſtincke is ſuch where they doe dwel, The lothſomnes of hell,
that all it ſlaies that paſſe thereby.
Their entrie is of chilleſt yce,
their doores and gates of fiery braſſe,
Their houſe more hote then *Etna* thrice,
thats full of fire, and euer was.
Their walke on fierie ſerpents is,
which plucke the marrow from the bone
So is their comfort and their bliſſe,
to mourne, to weep, & make great mone

O wretched ſoule, what is thy ſtate,
vvhat ſhall at laſt become of thee?
Of greater griefe who can delate,
what greater woe or paine can be?
Yet worſe there is I tell thee plaine,
thy body muſt to iudgment riſe:
And with thy ſoule it muſt ſuſtaine
more torments then can heart deuiſe:
Becauſe in earth both did offend,
becauſe the lawes of God they brake
Together, therefore without end
muſt both be drowned in fiery lake,
All ſinners would this day eſchue,
all ſinners wiſh their perill paſt:
All ſinners hearts the ſame muſt rue,
all ſinners muſt it find at laſt:
Behold it commeth now with ſpeed,
behold the ſun that ſhined bright,
Is darkened ouer all in deed,
Behold all things appeare as night.
Behold the ſtarres as withered leaues,
in windie Autumne down do fall:
Behold the Moone God eke bereaues,
of light and ſhining brightneſſe all.
Behold the hearts of men doe faint,
behold, their wits are ſcant their owne:

The tormentes of body and ſoule together.

Tokens of the ſeconde comming of the lord

Behold

Behold, with feare they make complaint,
behold, with griping griefe they grone.
Behold their faces are but pale,
behold, their bodies vveakened be:
Behold, their doubt of endleſſe thralle,
behold their fleſh conſumes we ſee.
Behold, what griefe doth men oppreſſe,
behold, they caſt their heads on hie:
But to lament, they can no leſſe,
marke vvell, all men doe ſeeme to die.
Marke how both trees and branches all,
doe ſweat foorth blood againſt their kind:
Marke, all things are oppreſt with thrall,
marke nothing hath a quiet mind.
The roaring ſea doth fret and fume,
her waues ſhe flings aboue the land:
She ſhewes all things are out of tune,
ſhe cries, Gods day is nigh at hand:
The earth of late hath ſhakt her ſelfe,
as wearie of her ſinfull burne:
Which is our ſelues, with worldly pelfe,
but oh! thereby we are forlorne.
Of late ſhe ſvvallowed in her gulfe,
twelue thouſand out of *London* towne: the laſt gret plague in London,
By ſudden plague like rauening Wolfe,
yet are our hearts not once pluckt down.

Her

Her wrath yet is not it appeaſde,
our friends from vs ſhe taketh ſtill:
Our ſinnes ſo much haue God diſpleaſd,
that ſhe reuenge doth vſe, and will.
Her fruits alſo ſhe doth detaine,
and hath done fourtie moneths and moe:
Yet few of vs in heart complaine,
nor for our ſinnes are prickt wit woe.
The skies alſo with miſty cloudes,
are ouer caſt and guſh out teares:
Whereby the earth hath had grat flouds,
and with their noiſe haue fild our eares,
The bluſtering windes doe puffe and blowe,
they ſob, they ſigh in raging ſort:
They force high tres to lie ful lowe,
they tempeſts ſtir in euerie port.
They range with furie Eaſt and Weſt,
from North to South they alſo run,
They know not where to take their reſt,
But beat the aire, as Cannon gun.
The ſtouteſt hearts their faces hide,
both rich and poore are much diſmaid:
No fleſh Gods iudgment can abide,
but ſeek where they may find ſome aid.
All liuing things for help doe crie,
both ſauadge beaſts and birds alſo.

The hardnes of our hearts.

The

The wormes which in the earth do lie,
do wish for legges with speed to goe.
The earth doth quake and mountaines all,
both hearbs and roots their vertues lose,
Great toures long flat downe do fall,
and odours sweet do leaue the Rose.
Dame Nature in her furie strong,
receiues a curse and gins to quaile,
Her forces all do lie along,
whereby all things their vertues faile.
The Angels all, with Saints most blest,
the Cherub and the Seraphin,
All sinners that haue life possest,
both quick and dead that earst haue bin.
Assembled are, and dreadfully,
with terrour great our Lord expect:
And waite his comming from on hie,
for then each thing shall be perfect.
Behold both heauen and earth doe bow,
behold they downe and prostrate fall:
Behold *Iehouah* commeth now,
all flesh before him for to call.
In glorie commeth he and state,
his trumpets through the earth do sound,
All sinners suddenly t'awake,
in euery coast that may be found.

The Angels wait the comming of the Lord.

In

In aire moſt fiery flouds appeare,
vvherein he comes moſt glorioufly:
Which ſight the mountaines great do feare,
and melt down flat, vvhich were on hie.
The ſeas eke tremble at his ſight,
and dried are, moſt ſtrange to ſee:
Whoſe waues did ſeeme in land moſt bright
but now bare ſandes there onely bee:
The craggie rockes are turnde to duſt,
his furious wrath none can abide,
God ſtil will fauour all the iuſt,
but ſinners ſeeke themſelues to hide:
O curſed ſoule how art thou vext?
how art thou chok'd with wofull care?
Hovv doeſt thou quake when as the text,
of ſinne doth vvill thee to beware.
When all theſe dreadfull ſights appeare,
before thine eyes, and are at hand:
Hovv doth thine heart then ſhake and feare,
hovv doeſt thou care to flie the land:
Thy body novv doth riſe alſo,
like grieſly ghoſt from out the graue,
And in the ſame thy ſoule muſt goe.
and with the ſame due paines muſt haue.
Before thee ſits a Iudge ſeuere,
vvhoſe vvrathfull rage thou muſt abide;

The Lord ſitteth in iudgment,

Behind

Behind thee Sprites thy ſoule to teare,
accuſers eke on euery ſide.
Aboue thee hangs a dreadfull ſword,
to cut thy body to the pot:
Which is of God the mighty word,
but woe to thee that hath this lot.
Below the fierie pot doth ſtand,
which filled is with boiling lead:
And will conſume both heart and hand,
and euery limme from foot to head.
Moſt filthy brimſtone is the fewel,
that makes the lead like burning fire:
Of wicked men this is the iewel,
of damned ſoules the perfect hire.
Yet worſe then this remaines behind,
their hope is paſt of all redreſſe:
For dying ſtill themſelues they find,
yet liue they muſt a time endleſſe.
Behold, thou canſt no mercy win,
behold thy foes haue thee beſet:
Behold, thy ſoule condemnd for ſin,
in *Stygian* lake muſt pay thy debt.
O dolefull doome, of ſinne the meed,
O wretched ſoule, that doeſt repent:
But too too late, thus doe we read,
for time of grace is paſt and ſpent.

The reward for the wicked.

Wherefore in vaine, thou now doest crie,
with *Dines* that is vext in hell:
Thy birth, thy life thou doest defy,
because with deuils thou must dwell.
Which raue with rage, which firebrãds cast,
which rome, which run, still in their kind,
Which only fiery trumpets blast,
this is the ioy which sinners finde.

Of the felicities of heauen.

BVt come, beholde the ioyfull place,
behold the comfort of the same:
Behold, where Saints, and soules of grace,
all ioy possesse, quite void of blame.
Behold, who can conceiue in heart,
beholde, what tongue can els expresse:
What pen can well discrie in part,
the woondrous ioyes of heauens blesse,
Where Angels bright with Christ do raign
where honours hie doe flourish still,
Where darknesse all is banisht cleane,
where all things haue their wished will,
Where heat nor cold do once oppresse,
where thirst and hunger haue no place:
Where paine and sorrow alwaies cease,
where loue and peace haue all their grace.

The comfort of the Godly.

Where

Where heauineſſe is turnd to ioy,
where all conceipts do comfort bring,
Where nothing is that breeds annoy,
where perfect bliſſe doeth alwaies ſpring.
O caitiffe wight this place behold,
which doth ſurmount the reach of thought
Whoſe gates are fram'd of fineſt gold,
whoſe wals of diamõds clear are wrought.
Behold the citie, where it ſtandes,
whoſe pauements are of pearle fine,
Whoſe ſprings brings comfort to all lands,
for ſtil they run with oile and wine.
There all things bath in ioyful bleſſe.
There milke and honie doe abound:
There all men haue chiefe happineſſe,
there muſick hath her ſweeteſt ſound:
The lambe of God is there inthroand,
in chaire of ſtate ſhining moſt bright:
Which all the wicked doth confound,
and brings the godly to his light.
The light is ſuch, as would obſcure,
both Sunne and Moon, if they were there:
And ſo for euer will endure,
moſt happie he that is his heire:
There flowes a pleaſant ſiluer ſtreame,
wherein the life of man doth run.

Which glittereth as faire *Tytans* beame,
yea much more bright then is the Sunne.
There growes a tree on either side,
which saving health and comfort brings:
Whereby in peace we alwaies bide,
and from the same all mercie springs.
The sap thereof doth iustice nurse,
the leaues as reliques left behind:
Do stil maintaine each Christians purse,
whose soules in fine our Lord doth find.
The blossoms of the same doe cease
all worldlie strife, euen in one houre:
The seeds thereof bring heauens blesse,
the fruits do showe Gods mighty power.
No time can well consume the barke,
it stronger is, then time can wast,
The substance eke appeares so starke,
that death it doth subdue at last.

The Song of the Angels, and of all the Saintes of God.

A Famous Quire there is also,
whose godly songs do sound most sweet,
Sanctus, Sanctus, and *Laus Deo*,
thus in their harmony they meet.

The

The singers Angels, are most bright,
the Cherub and the Seraphin:
The holy Saints are eke in sight,
and all consent in well tuning.
Most happie he, yea ten times blest,
amongst these Saints that beares a part:
In heauens high sure is his rest,
and hath all ioy plac'd in his heart,
There is also a pleasant field,
wherein all vertues flourish still,
Their humblenesse, which oft doth yeeld
and patience that gets good will.
Fidelity there eke doth raigne,
with her is ioin'd Dame *Prudence* graue,
Good gouernment for to maintaine,
whereby at last good rest we haue.
There Sapience sage, with Modesty,
there faithfull Loue doth come in place:
There Friendship deare with curtesie,
which fauour wins without disgrace.
There Probity her selfe doth stay,
a vertue rare I you assure:
There Piety remaines alway,
which bringeth blisse which will endure.
There *Summum bonum* shal we find,
the strongest Anchor of our hope:

There chiefeſt treaſures for mankinde,
there of all bliſſe the only ſcope,
This *ſummum bonum* is the well,
whence godly vertues al doe ſpring,
Wherin each faithfull ſeeks to dwell,
and there with gladſome ioy to ſing:
O Fountaine cleare! O bleſſed ſpring,
whereby all vertues flouriſh ſtill:
Moſt happie he in euerie thing,
that vertue loues and euer will.
By vertue honours here we haue,
By vertue, faithfull hearts we win:
By vertue cleane we are and braue,
by vertue purg'd of all our ſinne:
Wherefore lets all with might and maine,
Embrace the courſe of Vertues lore:
That we in bliſſe with Chriſt may raigne,
where vertues ſpring for euermore.
O famous place that doth excell,
that doth al earthly bliſſe ſurmount:
Where Saints and Angels only dwel,
whoſe pleaſant ioies no man can count.
Each Saint is higher in his place,
and brighter alſo in our ſight:
Then Sun or Moon, whoſe glittering grace
our eyes refuſe, they are ſo bright.

What glory there, where glory is,
and doth in highest state abound:
Thrise happy hee that can see this,
most blessed they that haue it found.
Here Patriarkes and Prophets all,
here godlie martyrs weare the crowne:
Here Virgins pure are freed from thrall,
here sacred Saints haue all renowne.
Here sences all are fullie fed.
with their delights in highest degree:
1. Here musick seeks to fill thy head,
with sound as sweet, as sweet may be.
2. Most fragrant smels here eke abound,
to pleate thy nostrels in their kind:
3. Here tastes most sweet are also found,
to please thy palate: yet behind
4. Surpassing sightes here are also,
as obiectes for thy Christall eies:
5. More perfect feeling' then we know,
here eke remaines by destinies.
O glorious God that hast assign'd,
these pleasures all, vs to content!
Inspire our hearts, that thou maist find
our soules with thee still to consent.
What greater ioyes can be expresst,
what sweeter blisse, what pleasure more:

Can be conceiu'd in humaine breaſt,
then here haue bene rehearſt before,
Yet more then all is ouerpaſt,
which one is all I dare well ſay:
For face to face we ſhall at laſt,
Our Sauiour ſweet, ſee night and day,
And ioy in him with perfect bleſſe:
and liue with him, that death hath ſlaine,
In loue and peace which are endleſſe
and neuer toucht with woe or paine,
No good can be but there is found:
no good without him is poſſeſt:
All beſt delights do there abound,
each ſight doth yeeld a perfect reſt.
The Angels there moſt glorious are,
then humaine eyes can well behold:
More bright they ſhine then any ſtar,
and ſtill Gods mercies they vntold:
What place more ſtately can there be,
for greateſt Princes to enioy:
Then fellow heires with him to be,
that grants all bliſſe without annoy,
Behold the time, which once hath bin,
behold the time, which preſent is:
Behold alſo each future thing,
moſt plaine are there with God in bliſſe.

The Angels ſhew the mercies of God,

O

O knowledge deep, O heauenly light,
O ſence moſt cleare, that ſo can reach,
That ſo can bring all things in ſight,
and ſo all ſaints and Angels teach,
O bleſſed ſtate, where malice ſleepes,
no one is here of baſe degree:
O glorious Lord, that Princes keeps,
his loyall ſeruants for to be!
O ſeat of ioy! O ſea of bliſſe!
O happie houſe of all pleaſures!
O ſtate which neuer doth amiſſe,
O bleſſed place, which ſo endures!
O place which yeeldeth all contents,
O place which neuer wracke ſuſtaines!
O place which needs ne lands, ne rents!
O place which ſtill in bliſſe remaines!
O woondrous place of all the beſt!
O place which endleſſe comfort brings!
O place of ioy and quiet reſt!
O place whence chiefeſt goodnes ſprings!
O place, the nurſe of loue and peace!
O place the fountaine of all faith!
O place where ſtrife and diſcord ceaſe!
O onlie place of life and breath!
O glorious Lord that there doth raigne!
and only giuer of all bliſſe,

O happy we, if we maintaine,
and keepe his lawes in righteouſneſſe:
O happie we, to whome the light,
and knowledge of his word is brought.
O happie we, that liue in ſight,
of ſuch a Lord in word and thought.
O happie all that doe imbrace
this famous Lord in word and deed:
For they ſhal comfort get, and grace,
and on his Manna ſhall they feed.
O Manna ſent from God aboue!
O, Manna ſweet that bringeth bliſſe!
O onlie food of godlie loue,
that mends all things that are amiſſe.
O heauenly iewell of all the beſt!
O pearle paſſing glittering gold!
Wherein all Chriſtian ſoules do reſt,
and with all ioy the ſame behold.
No difference there of perſons is,
Each one doth liue in like degree:
Each one poſſeſſeth heauens bliſſe,
all face to face our Lord do ſee.
O man to thee now muſt I call,
the end where firſt I did begin,
That ioyes, that bliſſe, that paine and thrall.

may

may keep thy ſoule and mind from ſin.
Thy heart will melt on them to thinke,
if any grace in thee remaine,
And from all filthy ſinfull ſinke,
thy heart and hand thou wilt refraine.
Vaine pleaſures all, then wilt thou ſcorne,
when heauens bliſſe thou doeſt behold:
For they with damned ſpirits are torne,
that make a treaſure of their golde.
When grieſly death doth the aſſault,
it is too late for to amend:
Wherefore in time confeſſe thy fault,
and God to pleaſe ſee thou intend.
For when this life is gone and paſt,
there is no cure for any ſinne:
Then as we are, ſo ſhall we laſt,
in ioy, or paine, as we begin.
Wherefore thy life ſee ſo thou frame,
that it may pleaſe our Sauiour ſweet:
And alwayes praiſe his holy name,
then thou in bliſſe ſhalt Angels meet.
And with them euer ſhalt thou be,
all peace, all ioy, with them ſhalt haue,
Surpaſſing pleaſures ſtil ſhalt ſee,
and nothing euer need to craue.

There is no remedy for ſinne after death.

Which

The end of this life the first entrãce to eternall blisse

Which blessed place none can possesse,
till from this sinfull life they goe:
None to the same can haue accesse,
vnlesse in godlinesse they flowe.

FINIS.

A praier

A PRAIER TO ESCHVE
worldly vanities.

FOr asmuch (O bountifull Iesus and most sweete sauiour of mankind) the frailtie of our corrupted flesh is still more ready to yeelde to the vain allurements of this wicked world, and fond fancies of this wretched vale, then to the sweet and comfortable perswasions of thy constant worde reuealed in the holy Gospell, the food of our soules, the bread of our liues, and the strength of our saluation: I most humblie beseech thee, euen in the bowels of thy tender mercies, to turne thy fauourable countenance towards me, & so poure in me the dewe of thy heauenly grace, that I may euen hate and eschewe the vaine inuentions and fonde pleasures of this loathsome laberynth, & walk in the waies of the godly, according to thy holy lawes & cõmandements, Be thou (O merciful God) my strong

ſtrong caſtell and refuge, againſt the wicked aſſaults, and moſt filthy temptations of Satan, and all his helliſh hoſte; for they ſecretely dig pits for my ſoule, and ſeeke continuallie to entrappe the ſame in the ſnares of eternall damnation, and leaue nothing vnattempted that may worke my moſt miſerable deſtruction. Wherefore, o moſt ſweet and tender Father, to mortify old *Adam* in my fond affections, that deſpiſing the vncertainty & frailtie of this momentaneous life, I may not delight my ſelf in the ioyes of any earthly pleaſures, or looke for any comfort of this preſent life, but withdrawe my mind and ſoule from things of fickle ſtay, & to fix my hart to ſolace and delights, vpon the hope of beholding the maieſtie and beautie of thy glorie, wherein ioy ſhal be ful, and nothing wanting for euer. Graunt, O bleſſed God and moſt merciful Father, that art the mighty monark of heauen and earth, and onely giuer of all goodneſſe, that my ſoule may as a Doue ſpeedily flie vnto the ſweete boſome of thy deare ſonne, and there with him receiue the happie reſt, which he by ſhedding of his precious bloud hath purchaſed and prepared

for

for the same, to whome with the father and the holie Ghost be all glorie, praise, dominion and power for euer and euer. Amen.

A Prayer to escape the calamities of hell.

BEholding with the eies of my heart, O blessed Lord, the cruell tormentes, and dreadful terrors of the pit of hel, which thou hast appointed to be a iust guerdon for sin, and a fit punishment for such as forsake thee, and daylie seeke by infidelity to dishonour thee; and knowing that if thou shouldest deale with me according to thy iustice, I should receiue nothing but death and damnation; I here prostrating my selfe before thy diuine Maiestie, most humbly beseech thee of thy gracious fauour to caste downe the eyes of Mercie vpon me, to pardon my sinnes, to forgiue mine offences, and to renew thy holy Spirite in mee, that I may so passe my time in this life, that through thy grace & fauor, I may neuer wāder in the most filthy

filthy ſtreetes of eternall death and deſtruction, but for euer eſcape the daungerous and ſtinking gulfe of helliſh calamities, and damnation. Conſider (O Lord) conſider I beſeech thee, the weakneſſe and frailty of my ſinful fleſh, and according to the multitude of thy mercies receiue my ſoule into thy fauour, and put all my wickednes out of thy remembrance. Cleanſe me, O ſweet Sauiour, and ſo ſhall I be cleanſed, and made whiter than the ſnowe in thy ſight. Strengthen me, O God, ſtrēgthen me, that the gates of hel preuail not againſt me; neither let Satan, death or hell euer haue power to triumph ouer me, but let mee that am thine, be thine ſtil, and be thou mine. Grant this, O moſt victorious & triumphant Lord, for thy tender mercies ſake, and for thy deare ſonnes ſake, our onlie mediatour and Aduocate, Amen.

A Prayer to attaine heauenly felicities.

THis worlde (O Lord) is a dungion of darknes, a mountaine of miſerable martyrdoms, a lewd laberinth of loathſom luſts,

a

a canckred course of choking calamities, a place of all vanities, quite void of all vertues. Wherfore, make me strong, O sweet Sauior, to walke vpright in this wretched wildernes, and arme me blessed Lord with thy holy armour: let me haue, O tender Father, thy righteousnesse for my breast-plate, a liuely faith in thee for my target, a firm hope of thy mercies, for my helmet; and the true knowledge of thy word for my banner; so that I may be strong against all the fond allurements, vaine fancies, and most wicked assaultes of the world, the flesh and deuill, the mortall enemies both of my body and soule; and after the ende of this fraile life, I may participate with thee and thy holie Angels, the perfect ioyes of heauenly felicities in eternall life, but feeling the heauie burthen of my sinne, and calling to memorie the grieuous punishment which thou hast often time laid vpon sinne, as when thou diddest send fire vpon *Sodom*, and *Gomorrha* for sinne, when thou diddest cast foorth Adam out of Paradice for sinne, when thou diddest harden the heart of Pharaoh for sin, when thou diddest cast Lucifer foorth out of heauen into vtter darknes for

ſin; yea, when thou didſt perſecute *Salomon* in himſelf & his poſterity, with *Dauid* thy own ſeruant, and many others to our example, & al for ſhameful ſin. O Chriſt moſt mercifull, I beſeech thee, that art the lamb of God, and takeſt away the ſins of the world, to blot out al mine iniquities, which I cõfeſſe O Lord to be more then al theirs; & let not mine offences be witneſſes againſt me in the great day, for then I know that both death and euerlaſting damnation ſhal be my reward: Wherefore I beſeech thee, O moſt mighty God, and mercifull Father, that the pitifull paſsion of thy deare ſon, may be a ſufficient ranſom for al my ſins, & a ful ſatisfaction for all mine offences. Grant me, O Lord, thy holy ſpirite, & of thy louing kindnes turne thy fauourable countenãce towards me, that I may for euer in all my thoughts, words and deeds, praiſe & glorifie thy holy name, & after this life attaine the felicities and ioyes of thy bleſſed kingdome, and there with thee to raigne eternallly. To whome with the father, the ſon, and the holy Ghoſt, be all honour and glorie, world without end. Amen.

Sweet

Sweet and comfortable Flowers for ſoule and body.

Auarice.

THe chariote of Auarice is carried vppon foure wheeles of vices, which are, Faint courage, Inhumanitie, contempt of God, and forgetfulneſſe of death.

The two horſes that drawe the ſame, are Rauine, and Niggardſhip: to them both is but one Carter, which is, a deſire to haue; the whip which the carter vſeth, hath two cords and they are, a greedy mind to get, and a fearful heart to forgoe. Barnard

As hell and perdition are neuer filled, euen ſo the minde of a couetous perſon is neuer contented. Salomon,

Riches haſtily gotten ſhall ſoone diminiſh, but that which by honeſt trauel is by litle and litle gathered, ſhal dayly increaſe, and continue long.

He that maketh haſt to bee rich, and beareth enuie to others, litle knoweth how ſoon pinching neceſſitie ſhall ſummon him to the baſe court of pouertie.

Endleſſe woe is the rewarde of him, that greedily doth gather to maintaine his houſe, that his neſt may ſtand on high, and thinketh to eſcape the great ſtrok of vengeance.

The couetous perſon neuer taketh reſt, for in this life his mind is vexed, and his ſoule ſhall euer burne in the fiery lake of eternall perdition.

O with what difficulty ſhall they that are in loue with mony enter into the kingdome of heauen! Verily I ſay vnto you, more eaſie is it for a Cammell to paſſe through the eye of a needle, then for a rich man to enter into the kingdome of heauen.

Such as be rich, or couet much wealth, fal no doubt into moſt wicked temptations, and are taken in the ſnares of the deuill, yea by greedy and vnlawfull deſires are drowned in the ſtinking gulfe of ſempiternall death & damnation.

Seneca. Pouerty lacketh many things, couetouſnes al things: the niggard to no man is good, but

but to himselfe worst.

Money is a seruant and drudge to a wise man, but to a foole a Ladie and Mistresse.

Inordinate desire of riches and rule, is the onlie fountaine whence springeth all mischiefe, for couetous appetite subuerteth credit, honestie, humility, clemencie, patience, & benignitie, with all other vertues. Salust.

Riches to a wicked man are instruments of mischiefe.

As the fire euer desireth more fewell, that it may consume it, euen so a man that is couetous craueth more welth, that he may hoord it, the fire to his comfort, because it is therby maintained, but the man to his misery, be-becausse he is thereby damned.

Riches to the vertuous and godly that vse them wel, are a token of the sweet mercies & fauour of God, but to the wicked that abuse them, a perfect signe of their reprobation, & losse of Gods loue towards them.

Ambition.

THe Deuill did fall only because he wold rather be a prince, then a subiect.

An aspiring mind neuer inioyeth quietnes.

He that desireth to be aboue others, often times falleth; and is set with the lowest.

Such as are infected with ambition, & are desirous of honour, must be enforced to possesse such treasures only as are vnspotted, and cleane from all mischiefe, which may not of any enemy be corrupted, of any friend misliked, nor of any man slandered.

All such as exalt themselues shall surely be daunted and set low.

Who so liueth in authority, let him weigh in the vpright ballãce of his clear conscience in what sort he came vnto it, and comming wel vnto it, how he ought to liue wel in it, & to the end he may gouern wisely, let him cal to remembrance his owne infirmity.

Gregorie.

Rule & authority are fit only for men that are both wise and vertuous, for the wicked stil seek to destroy, and not to maintaine godly and ciuil gouernment.

Barnard

Ambition is a lurking plague, a secret poison, a subtil mischief, the mother of hypocrisie, the forger of deceit, the nurse of enuie, the wellspring of vices, the moth of deuotion, the blinder of Arts, making diseases of remedies, and sicknes of salues.

Ambition breaketh the league of godly ſociety, pincheth the purſe, ſtirreth ſtrife, daunteth vertues, and layeth her ſelfe open to all vice and wickednes.

The ambitious man ſo litle regardeth his dutie, that he wiſheth the death of his own father to enioy promotion, yea ſeketh the ſubuerſion of a whole kingdom in hope once to ſit in the chaire of pompe.

Abſtinence.

ABſtinence is the curer of many maladies in the bodie, a due corrector of filthy luſtes of the fleſh and a ready directer of the ſoule to ſempiternal felicity.

By Abſtinence thy purſe is ſaued, thy body preſerued, & thy ſoule bleſſed, better is a man patient then ſtrong, for he that can rule his affections is a great conquerour. Gregorie.

They that abſtaine from vice, glorify God and preſerue their ſoules to eternall bliſſe.

Nature is content with a litle, and he that oppreſſeth her with exceſſe hurteth himſelf, and diſpleaſeth God. Seneca.

They that drink wine in youth, double the flame of carnall deſire. Salomon.

Keep thine eies from vaine ſights, leaſt it

be caried from thine eies to thine heart.

Let not thy conceipt imbrace the image of luſt, for thereby thy heart is ſtirred to vaine follie.

Yeeld not to the motions of the fleſh, for it poyſoneth thy ſoule, and bringeth thy bodie to a miſerable end.

Aduerſitie.

Salomon. HIde thy misfortune, that thine enemie reioyce not at thy fall.

As the Potters veſſels are tried in the furnace, euen ſo good men are known in aduerſitie.

Seneca. Vertuous men finde ſome ſolace in greateſt ſorrowes.

In al thine aduerſities remember theſe thre things: hard things may bee mollified, ſtraite things may be looſed, and heauie thinges by cuſtome are made little or nothing troubleſome, to ſuch as beare them hanſomly.

Paule Trouble is cauſe of patience, patience maketh proofe, proofe bringeth hope, and hope is neuer rebuked.

Auguſtine. Coales being in the fire doe burne & conſume, but the gold is tryed, the one is turned

to

to ashes, and the other is fined: the forge is the world, good men are the gold, aduersities the fire, and God the workman.

Dispaire not in aduersitie, for he that caste thee downe, can raise thee vp againe,

As our sinnes prouoke the wrath of God whereby we are forced to sustaine all calamities, so repentance with amendment of life, restore vs to our former prosperities.

I iudge him most miserable that neuer knew miserie: for good men are tried like fine gold, but the wicked are left like dyrtie drosse. Seneca

By many tribulations wee shall enter into the kingdome of heauen, but hee that hath not taken vp his crosse and followed Christ, shall not inherite the kingdome of Christ.

Afflictions and crosses are as necessarie for the soule as warme cloathes and dainty fare for the bodie. Paule.

My childe neglect not the punishment of God, because it bringeth thy soule to all eternitie

Blessed is he that patiently taketh the corrections which God layeth vpon him. Salomon

Aduersities cause good men to be better, but

make wicked men worse.

He that neuer felt aduersitie is not worthy of prosperitie.

It is better to suffer aduersity in this life, & hereafter to enioy eternall life, then here once to seeme to be blessed, and hereafter to be euer cursed.

Troubles in this life being patiently taken encrease solace to life eternall, but being stubburnlie borne, and taken as a wrong at the hands of the Almightie, bring all heauinesse and sorrow to eternall death.

Almes deede.

Dauid ALmes deliuereth thee from sin, and from death, and will not suffer thy soule to enter into darknesse.

Blessed is he that considereth the poore and Salamon, needie, for the Lorde wil deliuer him in the day of trouble.

He that stoppeth his eares at the crie of the poore, he shall crie, and God wil not hear him.

He that vseth alms, offereth sacrifice to the Lord.

Charitie is not perfect, when crauing exhorteth

exhorteth it.

Perfect compassion is to preuent the hungrie, before the begger desire.

The Almes of the hart is much better then the Almes of the bodie, for God loueth a chearfull giuer.

As the fiery lake is prouided for the niggard, euen so the ioyes of heauen are prepared for such as delight in charitable giuing. Salomon

The Almes of charity without worldly substance sufficeth, but that which is corporallie giuen without a mercifull heart is not sufficient but worse then nothing.

He that vseth Almes doeth offer sacrifice to the Lord, Ecclesiast

Charity is not perfect when crauing exhorteth it.

Accusation.

HE that accuseth not the wicked, is condemned with him. Augustine

It is better that an euill man bee accused, then to be suffered to go vnpunished. Idem,

The wicked accuse no man because they would goe free.

Arrogancie.

PRide is the mother of many mischiefes, for Augustine

for it nourisheth theft, it maintaineth adultery, it bringeth foorth disdaine, and causeth men to forget God.

Pride breedeth idlenesse, prouoketh lust, and leaueth the soule in the filthy puddle of eternall damnation.

The congregation of proud men shall neuer prosper.

He is an arrogant person, and still counted most dissolute, that setteth litle by that which good men deeme of him.

An arrogant man heareth not the wholsome counsell of such as are graue, wise and vertuous.

Apparell.

THe apparell, laughter, and gate of a man do shew to the world what hee is.

Vertuous conditons are the only braue & laudable ornamentes that can set foorth anie Christian.

She is not well apparelled that is not wel manered.

Shee that painteth her face with materiall collours, putteth out the true picture of god.

Foule maners are wotse then dyrtie apparell, but faire conditions surpasse vestures of gold. Hieronim.

As

As too much sluttishnesse, and exquisite nicenes are detestable vices, so a decent comlinesse is a laudable vertue.

Babbling.

IN much babbling lacketh no sinne, but hee is wise that can temper his language. Salomon.

A babbling enemie shall lesse annoie thee, then he that is secret.

One thing often times spoken troubleth the hearer. Aristotle.

So talk with men, as if God did hear thee & so talke with God, as if men did hear thee.

Battell.

WArre ought only to be taken in hand that peace may ensue.

Such as are oppressed, are forced to vse warre for their owne defence.

Octauian the Emperour was woont to say, that warre should not bee stirred without surety, that the gaine should be more then the charges. Salust

Victorie resteth not only in a great armie, for the strength of battell commeth from heauen.

Soberneſſe

Soberneſſe in a Captaine is no leſſe commendable then ſtrength and hardineſſe.

A carefull ſouldier is neuer idle, but alwayes buſied in his attemptes.

Boaſting.

LEt a ſtranger commend thee, & not thine owne lips.

Solomen

Nothing doth more diminiſh a mans commendation, then much vaunting the ſucceſſe of his actes.

Benificence.

Auguſtine.

BEnefite the godlie and thou ſhalt find recompence, & if they cannot requite thee, yet God will remember thee.

Seneca.

Thoſe benefits are moſt thankfull, which a man findeth readie and are beſtowed without tarrying, but onely the ſhamefaſtneſſe of him that ſhall take them.

Charitie.

CHarity is patient and gentle, and enuyeth no man.

If

If I had faith, in so much, as that I could carie away mountaines, yet were I nothing if I lacked Charitie. Paule

If I should distribute all my goods & giue them to the poore; and although I gaue my body to be burned, hauing no charitie, it nothing auaileth me.

Charitie doeth nothing amisse, it is not puffed with prid, it is not ambitious, she seketh not her profit, she is not mooued, shee thinketh no euill, shee reioyceth not in mischiefe, she suffereth all thinges, shee ioyeth in trueth; shee beleeueth all thinges, shee hopeth wel of al things, Charitie neuer fayleth.

Chastitie.

CHastitie is the beauty of the soule, or of the Kings daughter that is abroad. Augustine

Chastity without Charitie is like a Lamp without oyle.

Where necessity is laide vnto Chastity, where authoritie is giuen to Lechery, there vertue is put to exile.

The absence of women, causeth chastitie amongst men.

Chaste

A chaſte eie ſheweth an honeſt mind.

Conſtancie.

COnſtancie doth ſurelie perform the thing determined.

He that is conſtant, ſeeleth neither trouble nor heauineſſe.

Conſtancie keepeth and ſtill preſerueth things well gotten, but goodes euill gotten neuer continue long.

Carnall Appetite.

CArnall appetite leaueth behind her more cauſe of repentance, then of remẽbrance.

Filthy luſt will haue no affinitie with vertue.

The fleſhlie mind is neuer ſatisfied.

A carnall woman euer wisheth without contentment.

Carnall appetite dulleth the wit, dimmeth the eies, letteth good counſell, ſpoileth the mind, and with vertue wil haue no medling.

Fleſhly luſt conſumeth the body, and damneth the ſoule.

Confeſſion

Auguſtine, CONfeſſion is the only remedy for ſinne.

The vengeance of God ceaſeth, where mans

mans confeſſion timely preuenteth.

Confeſſion is the life of a ſinner, the glorie of good men, to all offenders neceſſary, and not inconuenient to the godly.

Confeſſion is the confounder of vices, the cleanſer of ſoules, the reſtorer of vertues, the vanquiſher of deuils: what will you more? It ſtoppeth hels mouth, and ſetteth wide open the gates of Paradice. Auguſtine.

Diſcorde.

IF they which make peace, bee called the children of God, without doubt the diſturbers of peace be the children of Satan. Hieronie.

Diſcord is the root of all confuſion, & the ſpring of deſolation. Cregorie,

Diſcord is an enemy to nature, and a ſhortener of the life of man.

They that ſuſtaine one part of the citie, & neglect the other, ſowe the wicked ſeedes of ſedition and diſcord. Cicero

By concord ſmall thinges are made great, but by diſcord the moſt greateſt are brought to nothing.

Warre is ſoone made, but not quickly diſcuſſed, for he is not ſure to finiſh it, that Saluſt,

first, toke in hand to begin it.

Dignitie.

HE is most honourable that disdaineth to serue, or be subiect to vices.

True Nobility consisteth not of great patrimonies and rich possessions, but of godlie & vertuous actions.

If thou wilt esteem a man truly, & know him plainly, viewe him naked, and let him lay aside authority, possessions and other fortunes: finallie respect not his bodie, but behold his soule, then shalt thou see what he is of himselfe, and what he hath of others

Dolours.

THere is no sorrowe, but the length of time doth diminish, & make more easie.

Salomon As a moth consumeth a garment, euen so heauinesse hurteth the heart of man.

It is to be considered in all griefe and heauinesse, that nothing bee done vnaduisedlie, nothing rashlie, nothing fearfullie, nothing desperatly, nothing wretchedlie, or any thing foolishly.

Quer much sorrowe breaketh the heart,

and

and killeth the bodie.

Sorrowes bring ſolace to the godlie, but they vtterly ouerthrow & daunt the wicked Auguſtine,

Sorrowes are moſt neceſſary to all ſinners for they bring amendment of life.

Doctrine.

DOctrine is an ornament to the rich and Noble, but to men without wealth, a happie refuge and ſuccour. Solomon

As faire legges bee in vaine to a Cripple, ſo vnſeemely is Doctrine in the mouthes of fooles.

Learning is a treaſure which water cannot drown, fire burn, theeues ſteale, nor dice loſe.

As learning in good men is the armour of vertue, ſo in wicked and corrupted perſons it is a ſpurre to doe miſchiefe. Seneca

We teach our children liberall Sciences, not becauſe theſe Sciences may giue any vertue, but becauſe they make the minde apt to receiue vertue.

As the right vſe of learning adorneth the ſoule, euen ſo the abuſe therof ſpoyleth both bodie and ſoule. Hieronim,

Diet.

Galen

IN diuers meates is occasion of sicknes, and greedy feeding is a token of choller.

When the sickenesse is in his force, then spareſt diet is beſt.

Hipocrat

Vncleane bodies, and they which be not well purged of ſuperfluous humours, the more you nourish them, the more you hinder them.

Ouermuch euacuation or ouer much filling of the body is dangerous, for too much of any thing is enemie to Nature.

Galen

To him that is fallen into a diſtemperance in heate or colde, it is expedient to giue him things of contrary qualities.

Hipocrat,

Stomackes in winter and ſpring time bee hotteſt, and ſleep then is longeſt, wherefore in thoſe times, meat ſhould be taken in greateſt aboundance.

You muſt not only remember that contrarie thinges be cured by their contraries, but alſo conſider in euery contrarie the true doſe and quantitie.

Vſe moderate exerciſe, for ſo ſhalt thou help

helpe Nature.

Ouer much eaſe maketh Nature feeble, that ſhee cannot reſolue that which by Arte was not purged.

Drunkenneſſe.

DRunkennes maketh men ſeem as beaſts, for it depriueth them of reaſon, and ſtirreth them to all filthineſſe.

The drunken man ſhall neuer be rich.

The Drunkard confoundeth Nature, loſeth both grace and honour, & runneth headlong into euerlaſting damnation.

Enuie.

THe enuious man pineth to ſee the proſperity of his neighbour.

Enuie ſeeketh dayly to ſubuert the ſtate of the godlie.

Enuie is blind, & can doe nothing but diſpraiſe vertue.

Enuie is an excremẽt of Satan, which poiſoneth the hearts of all ſuch as once touch it.

Enuie cannot endure the vertuous, but ſeeketh their confuſion.

The enuious man wiſheth wel to no man, but worſt to himſelfe, for his filthy conceites

drowne his ſoule in the filthy puddle of eter-
nall damnation.

Faith.

As the bodies is dead, wherein is no ſpirit,
euen ſo that faith is dead which bringeth
foorth no good workes.

By faith wee ſee God, by faith we beleeue
in God, and by faith wee haue our ſaluation
from God.

A liuely faith is the badge of a perfect chri-
ſtian.

Let all godly beleeuers, endeuour to excell
in good workes.

Paule. True Faith confirmeth thy wordes with
workes.

Not the hearers of the Law, be righteous
in the ſight of God, but the doers of the lawe
ſhall be iuſtified.

Auguſtine The Faith of a Chriſtian is ioyned with
charity, and without Charity is the Faith of
the Deuill.

Flattery.

Hierome. TAle bearers, rioters, glozers, & flatterers
ar more to be abãdoned thẽ opẽ enemies.

Better is the ſtroke of a faithfull friend, then
the falſe kiſſes of them that flatter thee.

The

The best natures sooneſt beleeue, and by flattering persons are sooneſt destroyed.

God.

IN the hart of man be many deuiſes, but the will of God neuer altereth. Salomon.

They that fear God wil beleeue his word and such as loue him will keepe his commandementes.

The eyes of God are more bright then the Sunne, for he seeth the ſecretes of the hart and ſearcheth the raines.

Grace.

GRace is giuen for three cauſes, that the Law be fulfilled, that nature be reſtored, and that we by ſin be not ſubdued. Auguſtine.

By grace we are freed from the bondage, of ſinne. Barnard.

Grace bringeth vs to the hauen of eternall happineſſe.

Without the grace of God no fleſh can be ſaued.

Humility.

HVmblenes baniſheth pride, winneth loue, and bringeth vs into the fauour of God. Auguſtine.

As pride pride is the roote of all destruction, so humility is the welspring of eternall blisse.

Barnard Pride cast *Lucifer* into the gulfe of damnation, but by humilitie we shal attaine saluation.

Suffer not pride to rule thy witte, for then will it spoile thy sences.

God hateth the proud, but the humble hee exalteth.

Honour.

Plutarch HOnours ouer great, wherein is pride, or ouer much statelines, be suddēly thrown downe like high trees in a great tempest.

Tully, Honour nourisheth cunning, and with praise mens wits be kindled to studie.

Ignorance.

IGnorance excuseth not sinne.

The onlie enemy to knowledge is Ignorance.

By Ignorance al absurdities are nourished.

Iguſtine Ignoraunce is the image of blindnesse, the mother of errours, and the Nurse of all follie.

Ingratitude

Ingratitude.

EVill shall neuer depart from the house of him that rendreth an euil turn for a good. Salomon.

He that doth all things well cannot bee vnkinde. Seneca.

The hope of a person vnthankfull shall relent like winter yce, & vanish away, as a sudden floud.

Idlenesse.

IDlenesse weakneth, strength, but exercise encreseth the same.

As rustc consumeth yron, euen so idlenesse wearieth strength. Seneca.

Idlenesse without learning is death, & the graue of a quicke man. Hieronim.

Idlenesse bringeth beggerie, and causeth men with hatred to fall into miserie.

Idlenesse teacheeth all vnhappinesse.

Where Idlenesse beareth sway, all vertues decay.

Loue.

LOue couereth the multitude of sinnes. Salomon.

Loue pleaseth God, and winneth the hearts

hearts of men.

Liberality.

Aristotle. LIberality consisteth not in the quantity of the thing that is giuen, but the manner of the giuer, for he giueth according to his abilitie and substance.

He giueth late, that giueth not till hee bee asked.

Seneca. Plutarch Liberalitie is the only meanes, for a prince to aduaunce his honour, and to keepe the faithfull heartes of his true subiectes.

As the Adamant draweth yron, so liberalitie winneth the hearts of men.

Lechery.

Augustine. LEcherie is an enemie to God, and subuerteth all good vertues.

He that delighteth in Lecherie, wearieth his body, consumeth his abilitie, and damneth his soule.

If we consider the excellent work of God in vs, wee shall easilie perceiue how foule & filthie a thing it is to be resolued in lecherie, and to liue wantonlie.

Lecherie hasteneth olde age, and withereth the bodie.

Malice.

BY malice a man slayeth his owne soule. Malice hurteth them most that doe retaine it.

Malice is compassed with no limmites of reason.

Nobilitie.

THe chiefest Nobility before god is, to excell in all vertues. Hieronimus

True Nobilitity scorneth to do seruice to sin

He that boasteth of his ancestors, declareth himselfe not worthy of praise. Chrisostom

Iphicrates a valiant Captaine, but the sonne of a shoomaker, being therewith imbrayded of *Hermodius* a Noble man borne, answered in this wise: My bloodbeginneth at me & thy blood of Generosity endeth in thee. Salust.

The onlie welspring of true honor is vertue. Osorius.

Obedience.

IT is a generall decree made by mankind to be obedient to kinges, howe much more vnto god, which gouerneth all creatures. Augustine.

Better is obedience then Sacrifice.

If thou wilt be wise, be thou euer obedient Salomon

ence for it is written, desirest thou wisdome, then keep the commandements, and God wil giue her vnto thee.

Barnard, The contempt of superiours is the original fountaine of mischiefe in euery publik weale.

That country is euer wel gouerned, where people wel know how to obey.

Faithfull obedience in subiectes, maketh louing and kinde hearts in Princes.

Patience.

Ambrose, BY patience *Iob* ouercame his woonderous miseries, and afterward enioyed all wished prosperities.

He that patiently suffereth the troubles & crosses of this life, shal after be endued with al felicitie.

Augustine.

Patience comforteth the heart, quieteth the minde, and best pleaseth God.

Most happy is he, who no misery troubleth Patience causeth much peace, and breedeth quietnesse twixt man and wife.

Pouertie.

Solomon BEtter is a little in the feare of God, then great treasures with a troubled Spirit.

The patience of poore men shall surelie bee

bee rewarded.

The life of man is not in aboundaunce of wealth, great riches, and high pompe, but in vertue and faith, for he is onely rich, that to Godward is rich.

Be poore in ſpirit ſo ſhalt thou ſee God, ſo ſhalt thou praiſe God, when thou doeſt good, ſo ſhalt thou lay the fault vpon thy ſelf when thou doeſt euill. Auguſtine,

Pouertie plucketh downe the hearts of the proud, and often times bringeth them home to God.

He that liueth after his owne opinion wil neuer be rich: but God will bleſſe him that with his riches praiſeth the Lorde in doing almes, and maintaining vertue & godlineſſe. Barnard

Prayer.

WIth faſting corporall paſſions are to be cured, with praier the peſtilence of mans mind is to be healed. Hieronim,

Thy prayer is thy ſpeech vnto God, when thou readeſt, God talketh with thee, & when thou prayeſt, thou talkeſt with God.

By prayer the Niniuits were preſerued.

By prayer *Ionas* was deliuered out of the Whales bellie.

earneſt

Earnest and feruent prayer doeth oftentimes pacifie the wrath of God.

The froward nature of men is by humble petition and prayer rectified.

Prosperitie.

THe worlde is more dangerous laughing then lowring.

Liue so in prosperity, as though thou shouldest fall into misery.

Let not prosperitie make thee proud, least God forsaking thee, thou be pluckt into the narrow straites of pinching necessity. Augustine

When God suffereth euill men to haue great prosperity, thē his indignation is much more grieuous.

If thou haddest the wisedome of *Salomon*, the beautie of *Absalon*, the strengh of *Sampson* the long life of *Enoch*, the riches of *Crœsus*, the power of *Octauian*, what can al this auail thee? when finally thy body is giuen to wormes, thy soule vnto deuils to be with the rich man in paine euerlasting. Hieronim,

Perfect prosperitie is the vse of vertue. Aristotle,

Promise.

ALl honest promises are to be performed, but these are not to be kept which are ei- Tully,

ther

ther compelled by feare, or By craft deceiued.

O the shameful confession of fraud, and the common mischief of man: more credit is giuen to mens signets, then to their soules. Seneca.

The honesty of men consisteth in the true performance of their promises.

Quietnesse.

THe patient man enioyeth most quietnes, and a quiet mind keepeth the body in temperance. Plutarch.

It is better to liue with a little quietly, then with aboundance troublesomlie. Seneca.

Quietnes maketh a merrie heart, and a fat bodie.

Remembrance.

IT is good to remēber our faultes, that we may first repent vs of them, and then speedily amend them. Plato.

There is nothing more cōfortable to the heart of man, then the remēbrance of sorrows past, in prosperitie present. Tully.

Reason.

Nothing in a man is better then reason; for by that hee goeth before beastes, and followeth the gods. Tully.

A perfect reason is that good, which properly belongeth to man, all other thinges are to him common with beasts: For if he bee strong, so is the Lyon: if faire, so is the Peacocke: if swift, so is the horse.

Reason maketh a man full of felicity: Man by reason killeth the wilde Boare, stayeth, yea slayeth the light footed Stagge.

By reason one man gouerneth another, for the subiect by reason is brought to obey the Prince, & the Prince with clemēcie through reason ruleth the subiect and long raigneth ouer them.

Riches.

RIches make place for losse, for such as possesse much, must loose much.

Not Riches, but good deeds shall deliuer a man from damnation. Salomon

Riches are the cause of sin, and sin of death. Paule

Riches draw men to hurtfull desires, and drown their soules in the gulfe of perdition.

Sapience.

THe roote of wisedome is to feare God, and the branches thereof be of long life. Ecclesiast

The ardent desire of wisedome bringeth a man to the euerlasting kingdome.

A wise heart will abstaine from euill deeds, and he shal prosper in the works of iustice.

The thoughtes of a wise man can not bee depraued.

A wise man is neuer troubled with the tempests of heauinesse.

Wisdome excelleth strength, & the prudent person, is preferred before the puissant.

Wisedome is the Nurse of peace, and the mother of all other vertues.

Sickenesse.

SIckenesse patientlie taken, is a perfect token of the loue and fauour of God, for therby we see our frailtie and weaknes, and also the omnipotent power of the highest. Augustine.

Sickenesse causeth great men to remember God, and poore men to acknowledge their offences.

Sickenesse is more necessarie then meat, for by the one the body onelie is maintained, but by the other both body & soule are cõforted.

Silence.

SIlence to follie is great wisdome:
Vse few words and much wit: pithag.
Offende rather in silence then in babbling.
Silence hurteth none, but many words are

hated of all men.

An euil man is soner vanquished by silence then with answers, and malice sooner stirred with words then reformed.

Chrisostom

A man which cannot keep silence, is like a citie whose gates stand wide open, wherein the aduuersarie entreth at his pleasure.

Trueth.

MAnie wordes commonly scatter trueth to nothing.

Hieronim.

Truth seeketh not corners.

Dauid

All the wayes of God are mercy & truth.

Time trieth trueth, & trueth pleaseth God.

Let thy tongue bee ignorant of lying and swearing, and so well see thou loue trueth, that what soeuer thou speakest, thinke that thou swearest the same.

Hierome.

Trueth surmounteth all earthly things, for God himself is very trueth.

Augustine

Trueth floweth from God, as from the only fountaine of the same.

Trueth cannot hide it self, for it shineth in darknesse, and banisheth the dimme cloudes of ignorance.

As Satan is the father of lies, so is God the authour of trueth.

Barnard

Trueth

Truth flouriſheth amongſt the godly, but all ſuch as beare lying lips are baniſhed from that ſocietie.

Let all thy talke be mixed with modeſtie and trueth.

Vertue.

VErtue is godlie inclination of the minde to eſchew euill, and imbrace godlineſſe. plato,

Vertue is to reſtraine anger, to mittigate deſire, and to refraine carnal pleaſures. Paule

The fruits of the Spirite are, charitie, chaſtitie, humilitie, ioyfulneſſe, peace, patience, bountifulneſſe, goodneſſe, long ſufferance, faith, temperance, continence and meeknes. Chryſoſt,

Vertue adorneth thy minde, decketh thy thy ſoule, and winneth loue to thy body. Tully

Vertue is euer one, with moſt deep roots perfectly planted, and can with no violent means be deſtroyed.

It beſeemeth vertue to be free from dread, and ſubiect to no ſeruitude.

Vertue cannot ſerue, becauſe ſhe is free. Ariſtotle,

Virginitie.

VIrginity flouriſheth as the greene lawrel and can by no tempeſtuous blaſtes of aduerſitie be quailed. Cyprian

Virginitie is ſiſter of Angels, vanquiſher of luſtes, Princeſſe of Vertue, and poſſeſſour of all good things.

Auguſtine. Virginity beautifieth the body, preſerueth ſtrength, and leadeth the ſoule to eternall happineſſe.

Paule. The woman vnmaried, & the Maiden vncorrupted, thinke on thinges pertaining to God, to the intent to bee holy in bodie and ſoule.

Ambroſe. The ſeruants of Virginitie, are ſobrietie, modeſty, continencie, ſilence, and lenitie.

Virginitie ſcorneth *Pride*, baniſheth malice, daunteth envie, & imbraceth all vertues.

Cyprian Virginitie is the garland of al Vertues, the garden of comfort, and the court of all praiſe: For there is no godlie motion, but ſhe affecteth, no flower of comfort but ſhee poſſeſſeth, no earthlie praiſe, but ſhe deſerueth.

Witte.

Salomon. A Wiſe man doth all things by counſell, & a foole ſoone diſcouereth his follie.

Tully. Wit conſiſteth in the knowledge of things good and euill.

Seperate them from thee that do craftilie flatter

flatter thee, and imbrace them with kindnes that faithfullie loue thee, least ill men habe most profite by thee. Socrates.

The help of god is not onely gotten with wishing, and praying, but by vigilant studie, diligent executing, and wise counselling, all things come to passe. Salust

Preuent as a wise man the daungers that may fall vpon thee. plato.

A wise man foreseeth future mishaps, and suffereth none to afflict him.

A wise man winneth wealth, both to comfort himselfe, and his posteritie, but a foole looseth his patrimony, and can get nothing. Democrit.

Witte refuseth hastines & wrath, because they be enemies of counsel. Socrates.

Wit gouerneth affections, and putteth all vices to flight.

Wit is the gift of God, and the brightnes thereof banisheth all the darke cloudes of ignorance. Salomon.

Wit adorneth her self with th the sweet & pleasant flowers of all vertues, she refraineth from sin, and imbraceth all godlines, she prepareth vs to hansomnes, and teacheth vs to eschue the filthy way of beastlinesse. Salust.

Witte is the mother of patience, the daughter of wisedome, the sister of modesty and temperance, and the carefull Nurse of well doing.

Ambrose.

FINIS.